

OGALALLAHS ON THE BOWERY

LONDON THEATRE SIOUX TAKE IN THE SIGHTS.

Fielded at Horrors in Wax, but Deeply Pained by Chop Suey—Copious Thoroughfare Jammed With Rubbernecks—Scared Indian Catches Up in Time.

Switch Tail, an Ogallala Sioux, 6 feet 8 inches tall and kind as a house cat, got bored yesterday afternoon, sitting in the dark, narrow dressing room underneath the London Theatre in the Bowery. With seven of his people from the Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota, Switch Tail has been doing ferocious war dances and scalping yellow haired white maidens on the stage every day and every night for a week. He had attended strictly to business and did not venture on explorations among the palefaces.

But yesterday was the last day of Switch Tail's New York engagement. To-morrow meant the prairies of New Jersey. It would be humiliating to be unable to relate strange tales of the great city when he sat around the brush fire and passed the long pipe. Switch Tail observed that the civilized Indian in stiff hat and "pants" who was looking after the bunch was not around, so he slipped out and got a very satisfying drink of red liquor across the street.

The sudden appearance of the tall Sioux draped in his red blanket and his face striped with crimson and ochre created such a commotion in the gimball that Switch Tail was encouraged. Two or three nervous pan-handlers dropped their booze and left hurriedly by the back door and Switch Tail grinned a large aboriginal grin.

When he got back to the theatre he consulted with Little Soldier, Red Shirt, Iron Crow, Shout and Blue Eagle, the bravest of the band. The squaws, Eagle Woman and Little Sister of the Roses, were not consulted. Then the eight Indians fled out of the theatre quietly and started down the Bowery. Switch Tail stalked in front and the squaws waddled along in the rear. There was only the ordinary Saturday afternoon crowd about when they started; just thirty seconds later a robust goat would have had a tough time butting his way through the jam of rubbernecks.

These things happened during the police parade, and cops along the Bowery were few and far between. Only one was in sight, and he got quite agitated when he saw the press of people and the eight solemn Sioux. He decided that the Indians had a right to walk the streets peaceably and that his business lay with the crowd. He did the best he could to keep the sidewalks clear and give the trucks a chance in the roadway. The Indians enjoyed his activity.

The first stop of the personally conducted South Dakotans was made at a grimy hole in the wall where horrible wax things are shown. Switch Tail was attracted by a wax group, showing George Haas, leader of boy thugs and sixteen-year-old murderers, about to be hanged. The Sioux filed in, laid down 10 cents apiece and took in the show, while the crowd outside amused themselves gazing at the manager of the place, who objected to his doorway being blocked. The show was pleasant for the simple children of nature. There was a variety of illustrated assassination hangings, stabblings and garrotings, many of the devices being quite unknown to Switch Tail and his folk, but they gazed appreciatively, as people do who discover new and useful tricks.

At a corner saloon, a block or two below, the whole bunch was invited in to have a drink by a boozey old seaman who had just got paid off. He insisted on shaking hands with every member of the band, and he bowed to the squaws with a sweep of his battered felt hat. Switch Tail thanked the mariner in the only English words he knew: "How. To. hell. Red Shirt and Little Soldier wanted liquor and freshments, but Switch Tail was out for sight seeing only and sternly groused disapprovingly.

Eagle Woman and Little Sister of the Roses walked behind the procession, gazing womanlike into the windows of Bowery stores where highly colored women's fixings were for sale. The two bucks and grunted ecstatically, plucking at each other's blankets and no doubt wishing that their lords would offer to buy. But there was nothing doing in that line, as Switch Tail thought the limit of his duty had been reached in permitting the women to follow the procession. By that time the crowd, by standard arguments, had persuaded the crowd to disintegrate and quit shoving, but no amount of cops could have stopped the rubbering and the choice Bowery comments.

"Hi, Chimney, pipe de Flatiron in de pink shimmy," yelled an excited little newsboy to his gang, "they got a danger for de Red Scalper of de Bad Land."

"Youse want to fight shy of dat red devil," yelled another youngster, "I spotted a real tommyhawk under his bowler hat. There's treacherous fellows. They git you when youse ain't lookin' fer it."

Switch Tail and Red Shirt didn't understand the remarks, but they got the idea all right and scowled ferociously. Then there was a general scattering of small boys who crossed the danger line.

At Doyers Street a big Indian turned into Chinatown, Red Shirt and Shout sniffing and sniffing at the strange smells of the quarter. Half a dozen Chinamen loitering in front of chop suey houses ducked inside. In Pell and Mott streets the Chinese sports and loafers who are always to be found loafing and chatting and eating white women, faded away. More than one made the quick movement with right hand to blouse front that usually signifies the handy gully for the food, but they made no sign save guttural chuckles.

In Mott Street Switch Tail led the bunch into a chop suey parlor. The six bucks sat down comfortably, but the squaws had to take their standing. Steaming dishes of chop suey were served by impressive coolies. The Sioux gormed up the food, but they didn't seem to care much for it. Switch Tail's "How. Go to Hell," was expressive of deep disgust rather than pleasure.

While they were eating, the civilized Indian in the stiff hat and "pants" came on the run, very much alarmed. He explained that while Switch Tail and all the rest were mild and amiable, quite city broke, yet one never knew what an Indian might take into his head to do. He led the band out of Chinatown, up Mott Street and over into the plaza at Mulberry Bend, then to the Bowery where the eight wild Sioux and the tame one boarded Third Avenue cars and went north to a lodging house between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets, where they are encamped.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

Military Honors to the New President General of the D. A. R.

To welcome Mrs. Donald McLean as their new President-General the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of which she was regent for ten years, gave her a reception in Sherry's yesterday afternoon. The four women entered the banquet hall elaborately decorated with the American flag, a piece of white ribbon with "Mrs. Donald McLean" printed in black was pinned to her waist. Four hundred women and a few men had assembled when Capt. Standish, in command of the Minute Men and Continental Guard, acting as an escort to the honor guest, announced in dramatic tones, "The President-General has arrived."

Every one rose and the orchestra struck up "Hail to the Chief."

Preceded by the military guard, the President-General, with her arms filled with flowers, mounted the platform on the arm of the chaplain of the chapter, the Rev. Dr. Steele. Dr. Steele made a congratulatory address and Mrs. McLean responded.

WANTS HER TRUSTEE REMOVED.

Miss Wiggins' as Says Burr Has No Accounted for Her \$100,000 Estate.

Mario S. Wiggins, who lives at 794 West End Avenue, has begun an action in the Supreme Court to have George M. Burr removed as trustee of a fund of \$100,000 which she became entitled to under the will of Benjamin R. Sheldon, who died in Illinois in 1897. Miss Wiggins alleges that Burr has wrongfully invested the fund and has not accounted to her.

Burr was recently a witness in a similar action tried in Binghamton, and he testified there, Miss Wiggins says, that he had a \$100,000 trust in his charge for the benefit of Henry A. Sheldon. Miss Wiggins says that her interest is identical with that of Henry A. Sheldon, each of them being entitled to the income for life of one-third of the residuary estate. This was the first time, Miss Wiggins says, that she had any definite knowledge of the amount of the trust for her benefit.

Miss Wiggins now alleges, on information and belief, that Burr has been wrongfully investing the fund in real estate in Nebraska and in other securities, contrary to the express terms of the trust, which limit his investments to sound income producing securities. She asks, therefore, that he be made to account to her for the income of the fund, and that he be removed as trustee and another substituted, to be chosen by the court. She says she has never consulted her attorney concerning the investments, and that she is ignorant whether she has received the full income of the fund every year.

Burr, who is a resident of Manhattan, Mich., is vigorously opposing the suit, and denies Miss Wiggins' allegations. It is understood that she will apply to have him examined before trial.

SOME HOPE FOR MAD DOG VICTIM.

The Little Nyack Girl Who Was Bitten on April 12 May Recover.

NYACK, May 6.—This has been a day of anxiety at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stewart of Upper Nyack, where their four-year-old daughter Frances has been hovering between life and death as the result of a bite by a rabid dog on April 12. A specialist from the Pasteur Institute, New York, spends his nights here in attendance upon the child, and he says to-night that he has some hope, though slight, of her recovery. All her symptoms but one, he says, are more favorable to-night than they have been within the last twenty-four hours, and that if the improvement continues the child may recover.

The dog scare in Nyack has led to a general warfare upon canines, and scarcely a dog can be seen anywhere in the town.

SAY SMELTERS RUINED RANCHES.

Ranchers Go to Court Against the Anaconda and Washoe Companies.

HELENA, Mont., May 6.—Judge Hunt, in Federal Court to-day, issued an order directing the Anaconda Copper Company and the Washoe Company, which operate the largest smelter in the world at Anaconda, to appear before him on June 6 and show cause why the smelter should not be declared a nuisance in accordance with the petition filed by counsel for fifty-four ranchers in Deer Lodge Valley, who assert that their ranches, worth \$200,000,000, have been rendered worthless because of the arsenical and sulfurous fumes emitted by the smokestack of the smelters. Only a year ago the smelter company erected a new stack in the belief that its height would enable currents of air to carry away the obnoxious gases. The ranchers in their petition assert that it has proved a failure.

MORE LINES TO CONEY ISLAND.

The Short Time Summer Schedule Went Into Effect Yesterday.

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company inaugurated its summer schedule of trains to Coney Island yesterday, putting in operation a short time schedule that will be maintained throughout the season, and increased as traffic demands on holidays and Sundays. The schedules include the opening for the season of lines that have been closed during the winter months, as well as the new Union street line. Service on the Brighton Beach and Fulton street lines has been increased from twenty minutes to fifteen minute headway, by the addition of one train each hour.

The express service to Coney Island by way of the Fifth Avenue and Sea Beach route was also commenced, trains running under twenty minute headway from 10:15 in the morning to 4:15 in the afternoon, and from 6:34 to 12:35 in the night.

MAN WITH PISTOL PERMIT

Accused of Putting His Pistol to a Policeman's Head.

Joseph Folk of Brooklyn, who said he was in the real estate business with a Magistrate's Purloin, was accused in Magistrate's Court yesterday of drawing a pistol on Policeman Daniel Murphy. Murphy says Folk was noisy near the East Twenty-third street ferry at 12:30 o'clock yesterday during the winter months, as well as the new Union street line. Service on the Brighton Beach and Fulton street lines has been increased from twenty minutes to fifteen minute headway, by the addition of one train each hour.

MAKE A MILLION BRICKS A DAY.

The Largest Brickmaking Plant in the World to Be Established at Catekill.

POTOMAC, May 6.—Surveyors are at work in Catekill laying out what will be when completed the largest brickmaking plant in the world. The United States Brick Company, which owns plants in Reading, Baltimore and Buffalo, has purchased the large shale brick works in Catekill. The company has also obtained options on clay and sand lands extending in a continuous line from Catekill to Aleson, a distance of five miles. The title to this land will pass as soon as the legal formalities are completed with the new plant, which is erected by employ over a thousand men and turn out a million bricks a day.

BOY BURIED IN HIS CAVE.

Roof Fell In and He Was Dying When Dug Out.

Small boys dug themselves a cave in a vacant lot between 147th and 148th streets near Amsterdam Avenue. Ten-year-old Charles Arni was the architect. The cave was a dug out eight feet deep, with boards laid across and earth piled on the boards. He and his chum, Frank Romer, were in the cave yesterday when the roof fell in. Arni was buried. Young Romer was caught, but the cave was so deep that he was not dug out until he was dead in a few minutes. He lived at 1785 Amsterdam Avenue.

Want Some GO?

Eat Grape-Nuts

There's a reason.

There's a reason.

There's a reason.

There's a reason.

There's a reason.

There's a reason.

There's a reason.

There's a reason.

There's a reason.

There's a reason.

There's a reason.

Scherer, Merrill & Condit Company

Grocers

DELICACIES.
Canned, Bottled,
Boxed,
Preserved, Dried,
Staple Groceries.



LUXURIES.
Wines, Spirits,
and
Choice Cigars,
Fine Toilet Articles.

Breakfast—Luncheon—Dinner

We round the day—everything for every meal, at prices to suit all who want the best at the least cost. Most varied and choicest stock in the world. For test, select a day's menu from the following:

BREAKFAST.		LUNCHEON.		DINNER.	
AMCEHAT ROLLED PASTES.	1.10	VICTORIA TEA, per pound.	.50	AMCEHAT TOMATO SOUP.	.25
AMCEHAT WHEAT FLAKES.	1.10	AMCEHAT JELLY.	.25	AMCEHAT HAM.	.17
MAUNA COFFEE.	.35	AMCEHAT CONDENSED SOUP.	1.00	AMCEHAT SPINACH.	.20
MAYFLOWER Jar.	2.90	AMCEHAT ALMOND CUTLETS, per can.	.30	AMCEHAT SIFTED JUNE PEAS, can.	.14
AMCEHAT MAPLE Syrup.	5.50	AMCEHAT ASPARAGUS TIPS, per can.	.30	AMCEHAT CATSUP.	.20
SAP SYRUP.	5.50	AMCEHAT SALAD DRESSING, 10 oz. per bottle.	.25	AMCEHAT INDIA RELISH, per bottle.	.30
AMCEHAT PREPARED BUCKWHEAT, 3 lb. Packages.	.25	MARCEL SARDINES, 1/2 cans.	.35	AMCEHAT SLICED PEACHES, 2 1/2 lb. cans.	.30
		AMCEHAT BOSTON BROWN BREAD, 8-lb. cans.	.20	AMCEHAT FULL CREAM CHEESE.	.18

MAUNA (mountain) Coffee, 35c. per lb., rivals the most expensive for aroma, flavor and rare richness. In air-tight cans, 1, 2 and 5 lbs.

Telephone Connections with all Stores—Prompt and Accurate Delivery of Purchases.

Special attention is given to mail orders—Assorted orders of \$50.00 and over will be delivered freight prepaid within 100 miles of any of our stores.

Address Mail Order Department, 135, 139 W. 42d Street, New York

STORES IN MANHATTAN, Fifth Avenue, corner 42d Street
Chambers St., W. 4th & Warren St. 102d St. and Broadway
57th St. and Sixth Avenue 135-139 West 42d St.
BROOKLYN S. L. R. E. 1215-1219 Fulton Street
BRANCHES: Baltimore, Md., Newport, R. I., Montclair, N. J., Morristown, N. J., Long Branch, N. J., Ashbury Park, N. J., Yonkers, N. Y., Flushing, N. Y., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Greenwich, Conn., Stamford, Conn.

COURT BLOOMS FOR DAN FINN

NEW MAGISTRATE IS PHOTOGRAPHED AMID HIS ROSES.

He Begins on the Drunks With Mercy and the Court Officers Say He's the Real Good-Night in a Cell Is Enough, in His Opinion, for a Casual Drunkard.

There was a ripple of excitement around Big Tom Foley's in Centre street yesterday morning. "What's up?" asked a citizen. "Does the police parade begin here?" "Forget it," replied Deputy Sheriff, the official messenger of the Tombs police court. "It's the installation ceremony of Battery Dan, the new Magistrate. Sure there'll be doings."

"It's certainly a great day for 'Finn,' agreed a constituent.

Over in the court room, which was half filled with flowers, Magistrate Finn was having the time of his life. An enormous wreath of American Beauty roses and lilacs was the gift of the Tammany Hall general committee of the First Assembly district and another came from the members of the John J. McGrath Club. A tuberoses horsehair had a card pinned to it which read: "To Grandpa, from Lou, Florrie and Baby Dan." There was a big basket of orchids from Bill Crowley, who keeps a saloon at Hudson and Canal streets.

Other horsehair was tagged: "In again, off again." Finn again. One big bouquet was a representation of Battery Park, with a building representing Doyle's Inn and another the headquarters of the Irish Guards.

Over in a corner a line of battered humanly waited and wondered, the odor of rum, ale and sweat and lilies and roses, with the perfume of lilacs and roses.

The crowd of Battery Dan's friends was also on hand to give the necessary send-off. There were Alderman Doyle, Assemblyman Coughlan, Tom Foley, Matt Stripp, Johnnie McGrath and a dozen others. The new Judge's old law partner, William J. A. Caffrey, made a speech and everybody applauded.

Those ceremonies over Battery Dan put on a magisterial frown and called for the first prisoner. He proved to be old Jim Cahill, a relic of the First Ward, with a beautiful hanger.

"Look here, Jim," said the Magistrate severely, "you've got to cut out the booze see? Drink never did anybody any good and it has brought you to what you are. Let the stuff alone, go home now and never come here again."

The Magistrate's friends applauded the decision, and his Honor laid down his theory of how the victims of the rum demon should be handled.

"I believe," said Mr. Finn, "that a man who gets arrested for being drunk and has been locked up all night has been punished enough and ought to be discharged."

"That's—ho—just what I believe, Judge. That's—ho—just what I believe, Judge. That's—ho—just what I believe, Judge."

agreed a tall prisoner with a red nose who clung to the railing for support.

"I believe," continued the Magistrate, "that to fine such a person is to bring unnecessary hardship upon his family. It is simply depriving the family of food."

Several drunks grinned their approbation and two turned to go, but were hustled back into line by a court cop.

"Mind you," said Mr. Finn, "I don't refer to the drunkards as a class. I refer to the individual who is drunk and is brought before the court."

"Let me see," said the Magistrate, "I'm going to send them there."

"After that," said the Magistrate, "I'm going to send them there."

"After that," said the Magistrate, "I'm going to send them there."

LABOR WARNED AGAINST DEBS.

Movement to Form Industrial Union Rejected by A. F. of L. Officials.

The efforts of the Debs Socialists to split the American Federation of Labor by forming the Industrial Union has aroused the officers of the federation all over the country. Resolutions passed by the executive council of the A. F. of L. were sent to the New York locals yesterday with a warning to them to be on guard against the machinations of the Debs crowd.

Gompers replies in his statement to a challenge from Max Hayes, one of the leaders in the movement against the A. F. of L. to a public debate. He says he stands ready at any time to defend the A. F. of L. system of trades unionism.

Gompers winds up by denouncing the Socialists generally. They are misrepresenting and falsifying matters, he says, in order to weaken and destroy the labor movement.

A LADY TO AID UNION MEN.

It Broke a Working Man's Jaw and Forced His Teeth Through His Cheek.

Thomas Marino, 21 years old, of 26 Sackett street, Brooklyn, was arraigned in the Adams street court on a charge of assaulting William Almond, a pressman employed on the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, by striking him on the head with a sandbag or piece of lead pipe. He was held in \$500 bail by Magistrate Dooley for examination on Monday.

The alleged assault took place on Thursday night in front of 763 Fulton street. Almond and a fellow pressman were passing that point when Almond was suddenly hit from behind. His right jaw was fractured and his teeth forced through his cheek by the blow.

Almond, a pressman employed on the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, by striking him on the head with a sandbag or piece of lead pipe. He was held in \$500 bail by Magistrate Dooley for examination on Monday.

The alleged assault took place on Thursday night in front of 763 Fulton street. Almond and a fellow pressman were passing that point when Almond was suddenly hit from behind.

His right jaw was fractured and his teeth forced through his cheek by the blow. Almond described his assailant to the police and the arrest of Marino followed.

The fight of the pressman against the Eagle continues in spite of the alleged cause of the strike having been eliminated. They went out in sympathy for the drivers and carriers, whose grievances have been compromised and the strike settled during the last week. The pressmen have now established grievances of their own and continue the strike.

Several complaints have been made to the police of alleged beatings inflicted on the men who have taken the place of the strikers by strikers or their sympathizers.

OPPOSED MOTHER'S MARRIAGE.

And When She Died the Children Ignored the Marriage.

Mrs. Ellen J. Bonanno, the mother of former Sheriff Frank D. Creamer, died at her home, 259 Eighth street, Bay Ridge, on Wednesday, and the following day death notices were published that Mrs. Ellen J. Creamer, widow of Dr. Joseph Creamer had died, aged 75 years.

In giving out the facts of Mrs. Bonanno's life the family referred to her as Mrs. Creamer and spoke of her devotion to the memory of her husband, Dr. Creamer.

They ignored the fact that she was the wife of Luigi Bonanno. She married him about four years ago. He is 43 years old, and is the brother of Julio Bonanno, the Italian interpreter of the Children's Court.

Julio Bonanno is the husband of Pauline, who was Mrs. Creamer's daughter.

The funeral took place from the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Fourth Avenue and Seventy-fourth street, yesterday morning. On Wednesday afternoon, just before Mrs. Bonanno's death, there was filed in the County Clerk's office in Brooklyn a judgment for \$2,138.87 in favor of Frank D. Creamer and against his mother, Ellen J. Bonanno.

Mr. Bonanno says the judgment was by confession, and that it will not affect his title to the property. While the Creamer children were opposed to their mother's second marriage, yet they were constant in their devotion to her.

HORNER'S FURNITURE

COMFORT and PLEASURE in the home, whether in town, country or at the seashore, will be greatly enhanced by selecting your Furniture requirements at our establishment.

BEDROOM FURNITURE. Special display of White Enamelled Bedroom Furniture, in suites and single pieces. Also full lines in all the light woods and finishes.

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE. In mahogany, golden oak, weathered oak, cathedral oak, early English, Flemish, Antwerp, etc., in the Colonial, Gothic, Chippendale and other styles.

MISSION FURNITURE. In suites and odd pieces. Special exhibit of Mission Clocks and the famed Elliott Hall Clocks.

R. J. HORNER & CO., Furniture Makers and Importers, 61, 63, 65 West 23d Street.

TO HONOR SCHILLER'S DEATH. 100th Anniversary to Be Celebrated in Carnegie Hall Tonight.

The United German Societies are to celebrate to-night the 100th anniversary of the death of Friedrich von Schiller by a concert to be held at Carnegie Hall. There will be a speech by Mayor McClellan, an oration by George Van Sisk and a eulogy of Schiller by the Rev. Alfred W. Hillierbrand.

The German Emperor is to be represented by Freiherr von dem Basse, and the following Ambassadors and their suites have accepted boxes from the committee: Baron von Sternburg of the German Embassy, Baron Hengelmueller and Baron von Gieska of the Austro-Hungarian Embassy, and Dr. Vogel, the Swiss Minister.

Exceptional Values in Boys' & Young Men's Clothing

WASHABLE ETON & SAILOR COLLAR BLOUSE SUITS, of Imported Cottons, Linens, Gaieties and Chambrays. Value \$3.00 and 3.75

NORFOLK SUITS, with Extra Blouse Trousers, Value \$6.95 and 8.90 \$5.00, 6.40

REEFERS and TOP COATS, of Serges, Cheviots and Coverts, Serge and Silk Lined, Value \$5.95 to 8.90 \$3.75, 5.95

YOUNG MEN'S SUITS, 15 to 20 years, of Homespuns, Cheviots, Serges and Worsteeds, Alpaca and Serge Lined. Value \$12.50 and 15.90 \$9.75

Special Reduction Sale of Oriental Rugs

for Parlor, Library, Dining Room, Bed Rooms and Halls, at \$48.00, 65.00, 72.00 to 129.00

Former prices \$65.00 to 195.00

150 Oriental Rugs, suitable for Country at \$8.50, 12.50, 14.50, to 27.50

COLD STORAGE for ORIENTAL RUGS, also Cleaning, Renovating and Repairing at MODERATE CHARGES.

West Twenty-third Street

SERVED AND SOLD EVERYWHERE

New York & Kentucky Co. Sole Proprietors, New York Branch, 452 Fifth Avenue.

Stern Brothers

Will offer to-morrow, on the Third Floor, The Remainder of This Season's

Imported Costumes Consisting of Walking, Evening and Dinner Gowns

at Large Reductions from Original Prices

Also on the Second Floor, Silk Shirt Waist Suits

at \$14.75, 18.50, 29.50 upward

Imported Outer Garments

comprising some of this season's most desirable styles, of Calico Tulle, Lace, Pongee, Embroidered Linen and Broadcloth, will be placed on sale, at

One-half Cost of Importation

And comprising a line of Black Silk Coats, 19.75, 23.50, 29.00

including several new models.

Lace Departments

Decided Reductions in High Cost Lace Robes

Real Applique, Lierre, Point d'Araignes and Embroidered Linen with Lace Combinations; Spangled Robes in all black, black and silver, white and silver, also iridescent effects.

at \$12.50, 15.00, 25.00, 35.00, 43.50 and 58.00

Former Prices \$25.00 to 95.00